

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

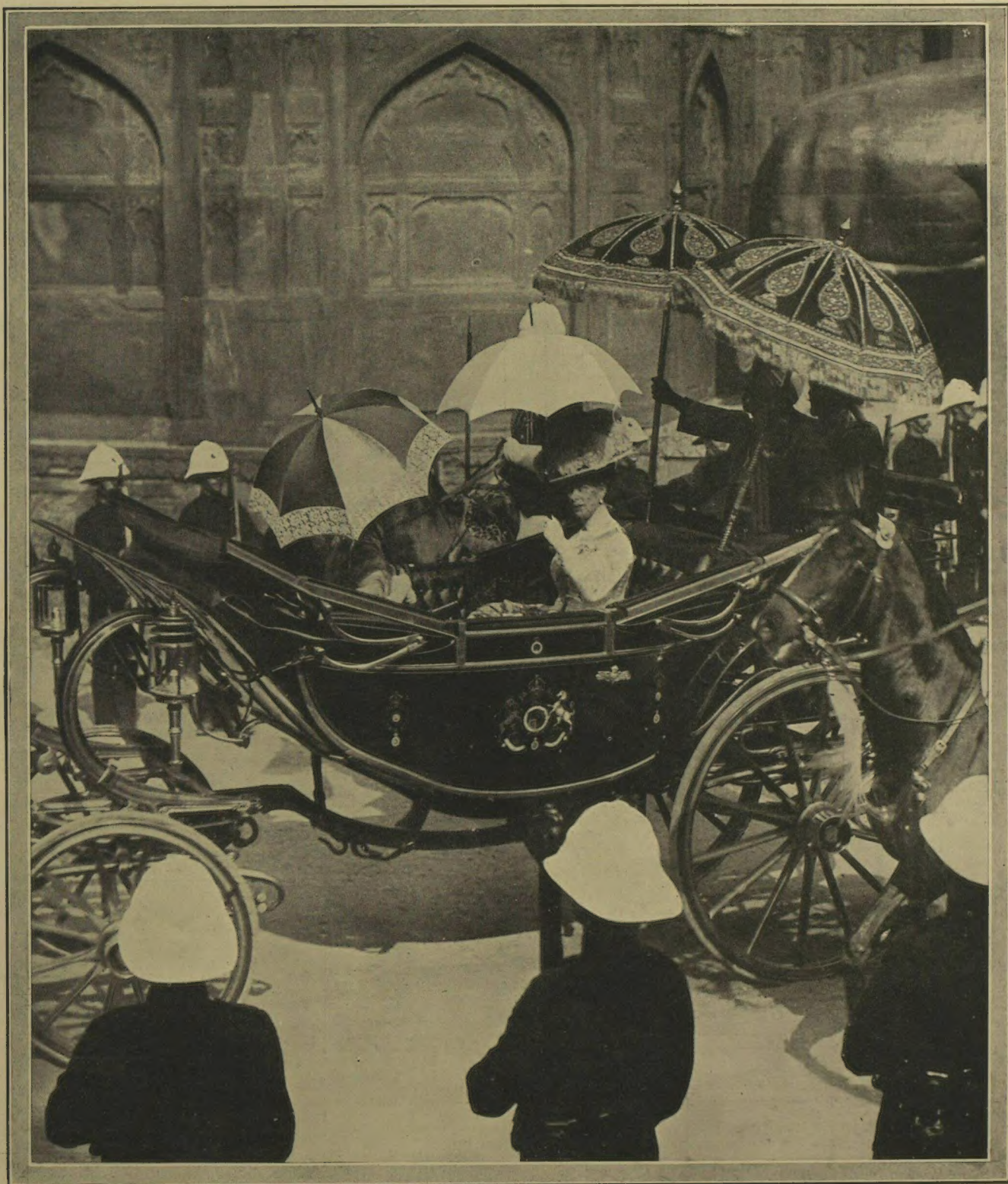
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UNDER TWO STATE UMBRELLAS OF SCARLET AND GOLD AND ESCORTED BY THE IMPERIAL CADET CORPS OF PRINCES:
THE QUEEN-EMPRESS DURING THE STATE ENTRY INTO DELHI.

The King-Emperor had the Viceroy, Lord Hirdinge, on his right, and Lord Crewe on his left. Two Royal Grooms followed. Then came the Queen-Empress, with the Duchess of Devonshire and Lord Durham. On the right of her Imperial Majesty's carriage rode Captain Keighley, Commandant of the Bodyguard, and on her left Sir Pratap Singh,

Honorary Commandant of the Imperial Cadet Corps, composed entirely of representatives of princely houses, which had the honour of being the escort. They wore white uniforms faced with Star of India blue, and all rode black chargers. Over her Imperial Majesty were borne two State Umbrellas of scarlet and gold.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNEST BROOKS.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HOP-O'-MY-THUMB" AT DRURY LANE.

A FAIRY TALE is the description which Mr. G. R. Sims and his colleagues—among them Mr. Arthur Collins himself—employ for their new Drury Lane pantomime, and their description is apt. Primarily they have aimed at pleasing the children, at telling a coherent and almost new nursery story, and a child-character takes the centre of their stage, "Hop-o'-My-Thumb." It is significant of much that their chief comedian, no less of a comedian than Mr. George Graves, only puts in an appearance at the beginning of the second part. It also says much that there is no female impersonator this Christmas time at Drury Lane, and that, instead, Miss Fanny Brough is cast for the role of a baroness meant to be comic, but, alas! only thinly adumbrated so far. No less striking is the fact that in place of the set scene, half-way through the pantomime, usually so gorgeous in its effects of massed colour, glittering light, and packed coryphæes, we have a simple but very beautiful classical tableau representing a garden of statues in which a general arrangement of silver and white is only relieved by garlands and sprays of red roses. Mr. Collins, of course, gets his grand spectacle at last in the series of kaleidoscopic pictures entitled "Good Will to Men," which appropriately closes his entertainment; there Drury Lane's tradition for the grouping of crowds, the piling of tint on tint, and the manipulation of the electrician's art once more asserts itself. But obviously the policy has been one of restraint—restraint on the fun-makers, on the scene-painters, on the ballet-mistress, and on all those who furnish variety of amusement at the expense of harmony. "Peter Pan," "The Blue Bird," and the rest would seem to have impressed the Lane authors; they have even paid Maeterlinck the compliment of copying one of his fancies in their "Land of Lost Memories." It is all very dainty and imaginative, this pantomime—down to its device of framing its fairies halfway up on a back cloth. But it makes the mistake of forcing a child actress, Renée Mayer, into too great prominence, for, with all her confidence and skill in dancing, this youngster has not voice enough to carry through the theatre. It cannot boast any vocalists of parts—Miss Daisy Dormer is the only member of the cast, apart from the comedians, who makes any great hit—and it depresses its comic men too much. Mr. Graves will no doubt be delightful when he has worked up his rôle of a king whose memory is defective; and Mr. Will Evans has some good jokes as a Cumnies stranded in a forest; while in "straight" parts Mr. Frederick Ross, the cannibalistic Ogre, and Mr. Melford, the peasant father of Hop, both do good work. But Mr. Sims and his allies must make some concessions before their new departure can be secure of success. Tiny Hop must give place a little to his bigger stage-comrades.

"THE MIRACLE" AT OLYMPIA.

There is no exaggeration in saying that in "The Miracle" we have the most sumptuous production London has ever known. Professor Reinhardt is admittedly the prince of European stage-directors, but he must have eclipsed his own record on this occasion. It looks as if a magician had been at work at Olympia, conjuring with its roof and interior and transforming this venue of exhibitions and tournaments into the likeness of a magnificent cathedral. Back we are carried by the potency of his art into the atmosphere of medievalism. We watch church processions winding over mountains; we see, along with huge stage-crowds, a cripple cured by the influence of a miraculous image of the Virgin; and we are shown, in a wonderful series of pictures, the adventures of a nun who rebels against her lot and goes out into the world to taste of love and pleasure, but only—for this is her punishment—brings ill-fortune to every man coming her way. The author has adapted the legend which John Davidson used partially in his "Ballad of a Nun." In the German play, however, the heroine is tempted by a musician called "the Spielmann," and the Virgin steps down from her pedestal to take the erring nun's place in her absence. Naturally enough, the arresting scenes are those in which the stage is filled; the others, which, though necessary to the plot, do not employ massed effects and introduce only a few characters, seem to be tame and to drag by comparison. Some, how or other, the pace will have to be hurried, so that this impression may be removed, and the action may not seem to drop in between such triumphs of spectacle as the cathedral pageant, the nun's dance which results in a fire, her trial before the Inquisition, and the showers of roses which at one time fall on the heads of her sister-devotees. But not only can this wordless play boast its glories of picturesque setting and costume, carefully drilled crowds, and brilliant arrangements of light, it has also its musical beauties. Herr Humperdinck is responsible for the score, which is in perfect accord with the spirit of the story—simple but sincere in its theme, restrained as to orchestration yet full of fine choral writing, and at its best and loftiest in the ecclesiastical section. As for the acting or miming, one performance out-tops all others—that of Mme. Trouhanowa as the Nun. She seems to have a strong sense of character, and her emotional appeal is direct and convincing.

"PETER PAN," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

According to mere chronology, Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up, is now in his eighth year. Since he has come under our notice so many Christmases, it is hardly necessary to dwell afresh on his charm or on his entertaining qualities. Children have taken Mr. Barrie's gracious fantasy to their heart of hearts; the creatures of his whimsical imagination and his sense of fun have become their dearest friends. Peter and that darling mother-child Wendy, Captain Hook the pirate, and his retainers Starkey and Smee, Tiger Lily the Red Indian girl and Tinker Bell the fairy, the romping twins and the dog-nurse Nana—how much poorer our nurseries would be bereft of these now familiar characters, how strange our stage would seem at Yuletide were they

banished from our boards! At the Duke of York's, the cast of the play includes many old favourites in the rôles they have made popular. Thus we have Miss Hilda Trevelyan, the original and the most fascinating Wendy; Miss Pauline Chase, the prettiest, if not the most imaginative, of Peters; Mr. Holman Clark, a delightful burlesque pirate; Mr. George Shelton, an inimitable Smee. The first-night welcome was heartier than ever.

"WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS," AT THE SAVOY.

What do you say to a patriotic fairy-play? That is what Mr. Charles Hawtree offers us at the Savoy in "Where the Rainbow Ends." It sounds an odd combination, but it works out well enough in the capable hands of Messrs. Clifford Mills and John Ramsey, who, with the help of our patron saint and the justification his legend gives them, have produced a story that preserves faithfully, its didactics notwithstanding, the tradition of exciting adventure and an atmosphere of wonder. St. George as the champion of plucky children seeking their lost parents in the world beyond the rainbow's end, a villain whose scorn of his country's flag is denounced by an eloquent German, symbolism of an unpretentious sort expressive of loyalty and other virtues—these elements help the authors to point their moral effectively; but they are also experts in fairy-love, and are not above taking advantage of a "magic carpet," or thrilling their youthful audience with visions of monsters and the most audacious flights of fancy. A Demon King (the old foe of St. George), howling wolves, toads, and a weird animal called the Slitherslime, figure in their scheme along with a British lion-cub, who is, of course, on the side of the angels; and there are all sorts of perils prepared for their childish protagonists before the Saint rescues them from the dragon's castle and slays that miscreant after a glorious fight. Without possessing the delicate humour and irony of "Peter Pan," the Savoy piece has not a little of its vivacity and fantastic charm. It is admirably interpreted by a contingent of child-players, among whom Philip Tonge, Esmé Wynne, Dot Temple, and Mavis Yorke distinguish themselves; and by adult performers such as Mr. Reginald Owen, Mr. C. W. Somerset, and Miss Lydia Bilbrooke.

"THE BLUE BIRD," AT THE QUEEN'S.

The pretty symbolism and poetry of Maeterlinck's fairy drama, "The Blue Bird," have won so much favour with the young that, like "Peter Pan," it has become a hardy annual. It was better in its original than in its revised form, and Mr. Harrison has done well to throw over the author's addition of the "Palace of Pleasure" for the current revival and give us again the graveyard and the forest scenes. There is something to be said against both these, but at least the one furnishes a charming transformation picture, and the other brings out the author's idea of the struggle of Nature with man. A little too didactic at times and really unfair to one of the nursery's friends, the Cat, the play has nevertheless so much tenderness and grace in its writing, and is so appealing in its tableau of Father Time and its vision of the Land of Memory, that it pleases the more the more it is heard. Two juvenile players, Miss Dorothy Burgess and Miss Mattie Block, satisfied all in front as Tyltyl and Mytyl on Boxing Night. Mr. Hendrie's Dog, Mr. Norman Page's Cat, and Miss Carlotta Addison's Fairy remain great favourites, while Miss Madge McIntosh is a welcome newcomer in the part of Night.

"THE GOLDEN LAND OF FAIRY TALES," AT THE ALDWYCH.

The nursery legends drawn upon in "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales" are set out with a pretty simplicity and appropriate scenery and costumes. Some half-dozen stories are thus retold, ranging from the popular "Cinderella" and "Red Riding Hood" to the less familiar "Snowdrop" and "Magic Wood." They are linked together loosely, but are not huddled or mixed, each tale taking its turn, and for such reverence of treatment our young people should be grateful. The dialogue is brightened by Herr Berté's illustrative music. Moreover, the piece is acted by a cast which mainly consists of children. Of the adult performers Miss Maud Cressall is a delightful Fairy Queen; Miss Marjorie Moore deserves her part of the Sleeping Beauty, and Mr. Alfred Latell is unsparring of effort alike as Red Riding Hood's wolf and as Puss in Boots. But the successes of the entertainment are gained by a quartet of youngsters. It is the dancing of Miss Elise Craven as Snowdrop, the charm of Miss Mary Glynné's little Cinderella, the pretty acting of Miss Florrie Lewis as Riding Hood, and the quaintness of Miss Dorothy Turner's Tom Thumb which will give delight in front. Pictorially considered, the happiest effect secured is a realisation of Burne Jones's "Legend of the Briar Rose."

"ORPHEUS," NEW STYLE, AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Beauty of scene and design, music that has lost none of its sparkle and gaiety, burlesque fooling with the gods and goddesses of antiquity as leaders of the revels, song and dance in abundance, refinement in story and verse if not much wit and too little humour—these are the features of the agreeable holiday entertainment which Sir Herbert Tree has devised at His Majesty's out of Offenbach's familiar operetta "Orphée aux Enfers." The spectacular splendours of this production are not likely soon to be forgotten—triumph follows on triumph. In the picture of Hades, the very sombreness of the background shows up the more effectively a perfect blaze of colour in the shape of richly tinted costumes. The score, with its famous laughing song, and Pluto's pastoral ditty, and the "Galop Infernal," and other such numbers, is still full of brightness and laughter and high spirits. It is only the story—even though a poet like Mr. Alfred Noyes, assisted by Mr. Frederick Norton and the "producer" himself, have been at work on it—that seems rather tame and lifeless. Somehow, it is difficult to muster up any enthusiasm for a bored Orpheus seeking for a wife he has been glad to see the back of, or to be interested in Jupiter's buzzing about Eurydice in the guise of a bluebottle. Nor is enough made by the adapters of an interpolated character, Mrs. Grundy,

whose interruptions of the plot ought to have been a source of considerable mirth. But no doubt, in process of time, the dull passages in the skit will go by the board, and the comedians will work up their parts. At present, there is a tendency to adopt too slow and leisurely a pace. Meantime, Mr. Courtice Pounds makes a genial and melodious Orpheus, Miss Eleanor Perry sings delightfully as Eurydice, Mr. Lionel Mackinder is a very lively Pluto, Miss Hilda Antony might be Venus herself, and Miss Betty Callish proves the most delicious of Cupids.

THE KING IN INDIA.

(See Supplement.)

IN this issue will be found a number of photographs illustrating the historic pageants that have been enacted on Indian soil during the visit of the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress. Their Majesties, after landing at Bombay, went on a few days later to Delhi, where they made a magnificent State Entry into the city which has now been made, by the King-Emperor's announcement, the new capital of India. Their Majesties arrived at Delhi by train, and were met by the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, and many other high officials. After the reception of the ruling Princes and Chiefs, they went in procession to the Ridge, where an Address was presented on behalf of British India, to which his Majesty replied. The King-Emperor and Queen-Empress then proceeded to their camp.

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I WISH that Christmas Numbers came out after Christmas, and not before, for it is afterwards that people feel the glow. I am writing this just before Christmas, and am inquisitive and greedy; but you are reading it just after Christmas, and are replete and serene. Nevertheless, I believe in keeping Christmas in print as elsewhere, and a passing comment gives me an excuse. When I remarked lately in this place that a certain picture by one Picasso seemed to me unintelligible rubbish, a Picassoist on some paper replied that my own writing would appear to ordinary people unintelligible rubbish. And he particularly selected the proposition that I could not explain to the "public" how I contrived to be an advanced Radical and yet cling to certain "superstitions" of which the observance of Christmas is a case.

Now, I believe I could explain it perfectly easily. When people say of Mr. Bernard Shaw's views, or my own views, that they do not understand them, they mean that they do not like them. They do not mean that the grammatical arrangement of the words conveys no intelligible assertion. If Mr. Bonar Law were to say in the House of Commons, "Taoism is the only true religion," people would be very much astonished: they might be very much puzzled about his motives or his reasons. But it is nonsense to say that they would be puzzled about his meaning—his meaning would be plain enough. And when I say that, in my opinion, popular rule cannot flourish without popular conceptions—like Christmas—my meaning is plain enough. And I would cheerfully undertake to explain what my reasons are to any roomful of moderately civilised grown-up people anywhere. By way of accepting the challenge, I will write down here my three or four reasons for believing in a necessary combination of mystical beliefs and observances with any attempt at popular government. Here they are: anyone may say they are nonsense in the sense of being fallacy, but I defy anyone to say they are nonsense in the sense of being gibberish.

(1) First, democracy is founded on a certain thought or sentiment. If you do not like to call it the equality of men, you can call it the similarity of men. It is man considered in regard to the things which are common. Birth, sex, and death are the three most obvious instances. But birth is generally forgotten, and sex is highly specialised and often highly secretive: hence it is death which springs most easily to men's minds when they consider the common doom of men. But here another complication enters. For though death is the most obvious and universal fact, it is also the least agreeable one. Men will always turn their thoughts from it, unless it is presented in some light of dignity or hope. Highly civilised materialists will naturally think of life as alone interesting. Unfortunately, however, just as what most levels men is death, so what most varies men is life. The towering inequalities in wealth,

wisdom, or beauty become all-important to the imagination if there is no cosmic background to dwarf them all. And people will not think about the cosmic background if the background is black. Only the universal can make fraternity possible. Only faith can make the universal enduring. To sum up: men may cling to the idea of "one man one vote" if it is associated with "one man one soul." They certainly will not linger over it if it is only associated with "one man one coffin."

(2) If the mass of citizens are to rule, it is absolutely necessary that they should have very strong common principles of thought. Where the State is ruled by a few wills (as of a king or nobles) its action and unity is preserved by the mere helplessness

lawless, fascinations of earthly beauty and luxury. That it should resist them at all, it is necessary that the ideal should be in its own way as vivid and brightly coloured as the pomps and vanities of the earth around it. Men's gods must be as personal as their kings. Gilbert revelled in the incongruous conjunction of the House of Lords and the fairies in "Iolanthe." But it is really true that the fairies and the Lords are in some sense rivals. It is really true that the less people are allowed to think of the red elf-caps and golden stars, the more they will be forced to think of the red robes and golden coronets. The national anthem of England really is "Bow down, ye lower middle classes"; but that is because the lower middle classes

in England have very little knowledge of fairy-land. In Ireland, where they have not got rid of the Peri, they have found it much easier to get rid of the Peer. But the only supernaturalism which can be held quite steadily and seriously, and above all quite safely, is that of some real religion: when such a religion weakens, worldly idolatries always flow in. When a modern child hears a flower called "Lady's Bedstraw" or "Lady's Fingers" he hazily thinks that Lady Smith or Lady Robinson owns all the English wildflowers: as indeed they do. But the mediæval term was "Our Lady's Bedstraw." Modern civilisation has kept the more aristocratic word "lady"; it has only dropped the more democratic word "our." Snobbery is the religion of the irreligious. I may be incorrect, but surely I am not unintelligible, if I say that the modern young person might think more of St. George of Cappadocia and less of St. George of Hanover Square.

(4) It is impossible to have spiritual equality without a spiritual authority, just as it is impossible to have legal equality without a legal authority. For equality is not a chaos; it is a rank.

To sum up: the sceptic ultimately undermines democracy (1) because he can see no significance in death and such things of a literal equality; (2) because he introduces different first principles, making debate impossible: and debate is the life of democracy; (3) because the fading of the images of sacred persons leaves a man too prone to be a respecter of earthly persons; (4) because there will be more, not less, respect for human rights if they can be treated as divine rights.

Now, all the foregoing may be false in theory or false in fact or inconsistent in argument; but I defy anyone to say that it is senseless as the picture by Picasso is senseless. And I reiterate my homely criterion: that it is the mark and test of everything that is not senseless that it can (in some degree) be clearly explained. Beautiful things can, more or less, approximate to popular exposition: though very few of them can be as beautiful or as popular as Christmas.



BOUGHT IN 1872 FOR 1400 GUINEAS. SOLD IN 1911 FOR 8000 GUINEAS: SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. HENRY BARING AND HER CHILDREN.

At the memorable sale at Christie's on December 16 the highest price of the day—8000 guineas—was paid by Mr. Wertheimer for Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait group of Mrs. Henry Baring and her two children, which was sold by order of the executors of the late Countess de Noailles, Mrs. Henry Baring's granddaughter. The picture, which measures 78 inches square, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1821. In May 1872, it was bought at the Count du Blaisel's sale at Christie's for 1400 guineas. Mrs. Henry Baring, whose husband was a son of Sir Francis Baring, first Baronet, was a daughter of William Bingham, of Philadelphia. With her in the picture are her daughter, Frances Emily, afterwards Mrs. Henry Bridgman Simpson, and her son, Henry Bingham Baring, who is shown with his arms round the neck of a large dog.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MR. ASHER WERTHEIMER.

of the other parts. But if it is to be ruled by a great number of wills, these must have had some standard which they regard as orthodoxy, or, at least, as common sense. That is behind the half-truth of those who say that art and science (at least the wilder sorts) flourish better under an aristocracy. A certain sort of looseness cannot be permitted in a democracy. A wall can be built of large loose rocks, because there are few of them. But if you want to build a wall of pebbles you must have a very strong cement.

(3) The democratic ideal is perpetually being dragged down by the natural and legitimate, but ultimately

AFTER A SKETCH BY MR. GEORGE R. HALKETT: THE PERIL OF THE ROYAL PASSENGERS DURING THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE WRECKED "DELHI."

DRAWN BY CYRUS CUNEO, FROM A SKETCH BY GEORGE R. HALKETT.



THE RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE DUKE OF FIFE, AND PRINCESSES ALEXANDRA AND MAUD, NEAR CAPE SPARTEL: THE SWAMPING OF THE "LONDON'S" LONGBOAT.

In the personal narrative he cabled to the "Pall Mall Gazette," Mr. G. R. Halkett, the famous cartoonist, who was good enough to supply us with the rough sketch from which this drawing was made, said: "I happened to be awake, and felt the shock as she struck. On leaving my cabin, I met the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife. . . . The Princess was perfectly calm. . . . She was only anxious about her daughters, whom she had missed from their cabin. I was able to find them, and during the long hours till daybreak the royal party sat in the saloon and showed no sign of fear. . . . At half-past ten the fires of the French launch were extinguished. . . . Admiral Cradock, from the battle-ship 'London,' with his ship's longboat, reached the 'Delhi'. . . . Her Royal Highness and the Duke did me the honour to insist upon my accompanying the party, which consisted of seven in all—the Duke and Duchess, the two Princesses Alexandra and Maud, Dr. Esvery, the family physician, and a young Glasgow civil engineer, Mr. Gilbert McCaul Bell, who was also invited, and myself. At about half-past eleven the Admiral himself took the tiller. . . . All went well at first." Later, Mr. Halkett continues, the boat began to ship so much water that "the Admiral had commanded the bluejackets to leap overboard so soon as the boat grounded. The bow touched the

sand. . . . and then the boat. . . . shipped another sea. . . . The sailors were ordered to their oars again, and the Admiral stripped off his coat and took an oar himself. . . . The boat made one spurt forward. . . . She swamped at last, and all the party were washed out of her. . . . The last I saw of the Princess Royal was that she was borne forwards and shorewards out of the boat, but I learned from her afterwards that she had grasped the hand of her younger daughter, Princess Maud, determined to save her, and that the Duke and the Admiral both assisted her in the water. We were all luckily provided with most efficient lifebelts. . . . Mr. Bell alone was without one, but a moment before the final catastrophe Princess Alexandra handed a lifebelt to him. It was lucky that she did so, for she was in greater peril than the others. She was grasped by Mr. Bell as the boat swamped, but they also drifted to leeward. With resource and tenacity Mr. Bell maintained his hold until they touched sand. Bluejackets and sailors from the 'Delhi' rushed into the breakers at great risk and assisted each member of the party ashore." Admiral Cradock is seen walking towards the bow after leaving the tiller. On the side of the boat nearer to the reader are (from left to right) Mr. McCaul Bell, Princess Alexandra, Princess Maud, and the Princess Royal. Facing them are Dr. Esvery, the Duke of Fife, and Mr. G. R. Halkett.

SIMPLE IMPERIAL STATE: ROOMS OF THE KING-EMPEROR AND QUEEN-EMPRESS IN THEIR CAMP AT DELHI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOURNE AND SHEPHERD, BOMBAY.



1. THE KING-EMPEROR'S WORK-ROOM.

2. THE QUEEN-EMPRESS'S BOUDOIR.

3. THE KING-EMPEROR'S DRAWING-ROOM.

4. THE QUEEN-EMPRESS'S BED-ROOM.

When they made their public appearances in Delhi, the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress were, of course, the centre of much pomp and circumstance, moving always in a gorgeous Eastern setting, surrounded always by symbols of Empire. In private life they lived with that simplicity which becomes them so well. To this the "rooms" in their camp bore eloquent witness, for it

cannot be said that, comfortable as they were, they reflected the magnificence of the Emperors of India of old—their Imperial Majesties preferred it so, and, naturally, were obeyed. Simplicity, in fact, is ever a sign of true greatness, and conveys a more impressive sense of dignity than can the most luxurious splendour.

IN A JEWEL OF THE BRITISH CROWN WHICH WAS THE DOWRY OF A BRITISH QUEEN:
THE KING-EMPEROR AT BOMBAY.



"SIX YEARS AGO I ARRIVED INDEED AS A NEWCOMER. . . IT IS WITH FEELINGS OF NO COMMON EMOTION THAT I FIND MYSELF HERE AGAIN":

THE KING-EMPEROR MAKING HIS SPEECH ON THE APOLLO BUNDER, BOMBAY.

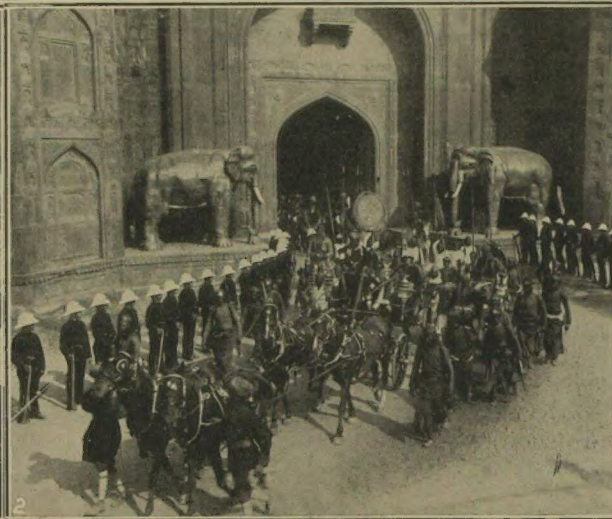
The King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress landed at Bombay on December 2. Passing beneath a Saracenic arch on the Apollo Bunder, they proceeded to an amphitheatre, taking their seats on golden chairs on a dais. Replying to the address of the Corporation of the City of Bombay, his Imperial Majesty said: "I feel myself no stranger in your beautiful city. Six years ago I arrived indeed as a newcomer. . . It is with feelings of no common emotion that I find myself here again, especially with the Queen-Empress at

my side . . . Your eloquent address has recalled to me that Bombay was once the dowry of a British Queen. As such Humphrey Cook took it over two hundred and fifty years ago, a mere fishing village. You, gentlemen, and your forerunners have made it a jewel of the British Crown. . . We earnestly pray that God's blessing may rest upon our Indian Empire." On the King-Emperor's right are Lord Crewe and Lord Harding; on the Queen-Empress's left Lady Shaftesbury and the Duchess of Devonshire.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNEST BROOKS.

DURBAR-TIME IN DELHI: IN THE MOST HISTORIC INDIAN CITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS AND ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



1. IN CHAIN MAIL! THE CAVALRY OF A NATIVE CHIEF IN THE PROCESSION OF PRINCES AND CHIEFS.

2. LEAVING THE FORT: PART OF THE IMPOSING PROCESSION OF THE RULING PRINCES AND CHIEFS OF INDIA.

3. THE FIRST OF THE FIRES IN THE DELHI DURBAR CAMP: NATIVES, ARMED WITH POLES, BEATING OUT THE FLAMES WHICH DESTROYED FIVE TENTS BELONGING TO SIR LOUIS DANE, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE PUNJAB.

4. GIFTS FOR THE KING-EMPEROR: HORSES LADEN WITH PRESENTS ENTERING DELHI.

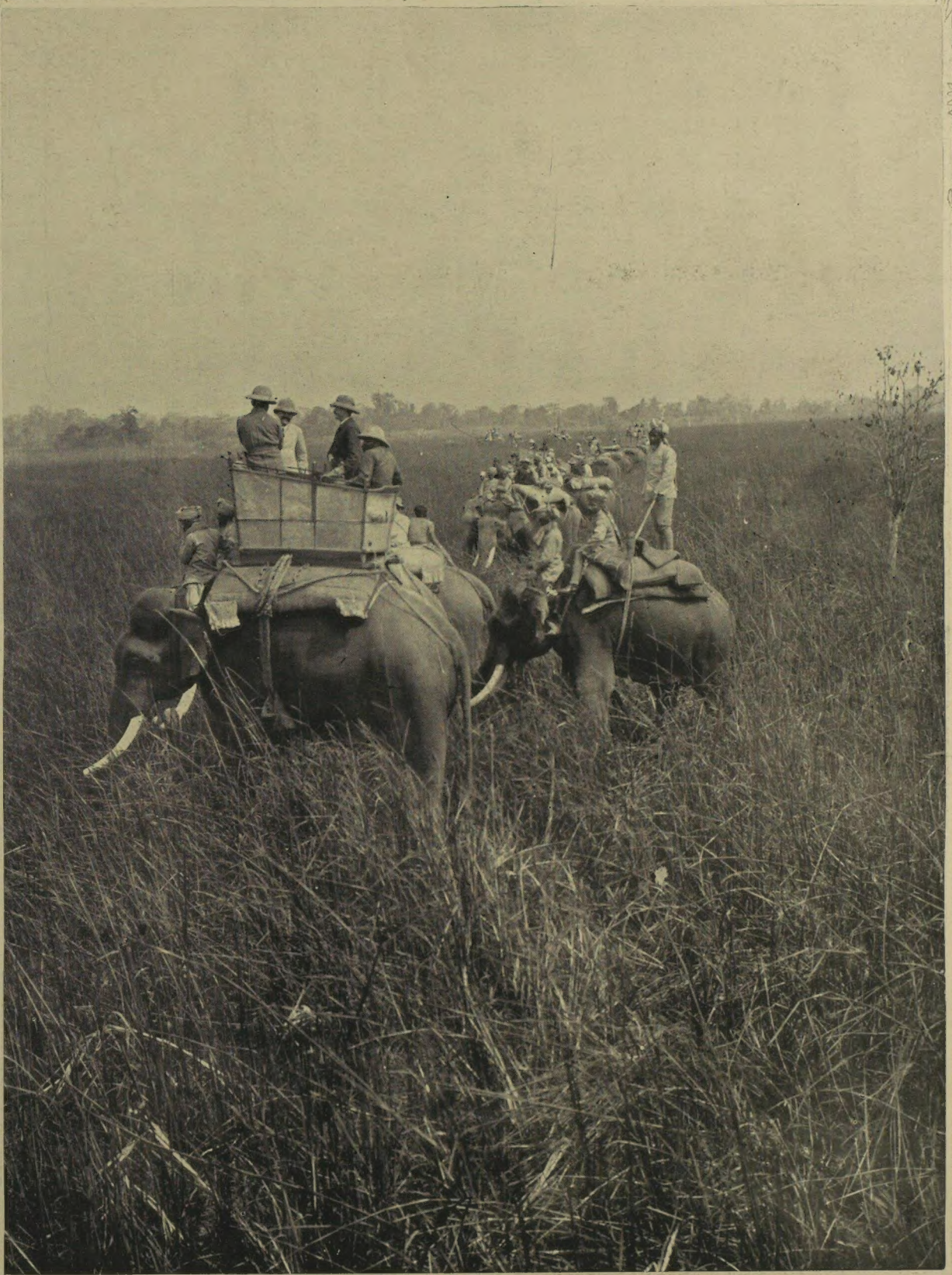
5. LEAVING THE FORT: A PART OF THE PROCESSION OF THE RULING PRINCES AND CHIEFS OF INDIA.

Following the King-Emperor on his entry into Delhi on December 7 came a procession of ruling Princes and Chiefs of India with their fighting-men and retainers, grouped territorially, that difficulties as to precedence might be avoided. So long as the King-Emperor was riding to his camp, the Princes and Chiefs did not show their flags and emblems; when he had descended the Ridge these were displayed, with magnificent effect. The procession was over five miles in length, and over five thousand figured in it. The fire illustrated in

our third photograph was caused on December 3 by the fusing of an electric wire in the roof of a marquee. Five main reception, dining-room, and drawing-room tents of Sir Louis Dane were destroyed, together with furniture, tapestry, and silver. The burning of the great tent in which the Princes and Chiefs were to have been presented to the King-Emperor took place on the 5th, the day on which fire destroyed all the fireworks for the display arranged to be given at the Imperial Garden Party on the 13th.

SPORT AKIN TO THAT ARRANGED FOR THE KING-EMPEROR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COLONEL VICTOR BROOKE.



A RHINOCEROS HUNT IN FULL SWING: THE "GUNS" AND THE BEATERS AT WORK IN THE JUNGLE.

The official programme of the arrangements for the King-Emperor's visit to India set it out that his Imperial Majesty should have some big-game shooting in Nepal, where he arrived on December 18. Two shooting camps were specially arranged in the jungles, one at Sukimar, which is some thirty miles from the British frontier, and another at Kasra, seven miles from the first. The road to these camps, which is a clearing through the forest, was turned into a

good motor-track. It passes through rhinoceros and tiger jungles, winding through the royal preserve of Nepal. It need scarcely be said that most elaborate preparations were made that the King's trip should be a pleasure and a success. Promise of sport was always first-rate, for the district provides not only many rhinoceros, which may only be shot with the permission of the State, but numerous tigers, wild elephants, marsh deer, sambur and wild boar.—
(Continued overleaf.)

SPORT AKIN TO THAT ARRANGED FOR THE KING-EMPEROR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLONEL VICTOR BROOKE.



1. ON THE EDGE OF THE "RABBIT-RIDE," TRODDEN DOWN BY TWENTY OR THIRTY ELEPHANTS SPECIALLY EMPLOYED FOR THE PURPOSE: THE "GUNS" AWAITING A RHINOCEROS BY THE SIDE OF THE CLEARING.

[Continued.]
—To quote Reuter: "Six hundred shooting-elephants have been collected, and the Nepalese shikaris are most skilful in finding the whereabouts of a tiger. The spot is then cleverly ringed by hundreds of elephants, which gradually converge, and the royal elephant is posted. A few of the best fighting-elephants then advance on the tiger and drive him out, in order that he may show himself to the King. . . . The usual method of shooting rhinoceros is for the

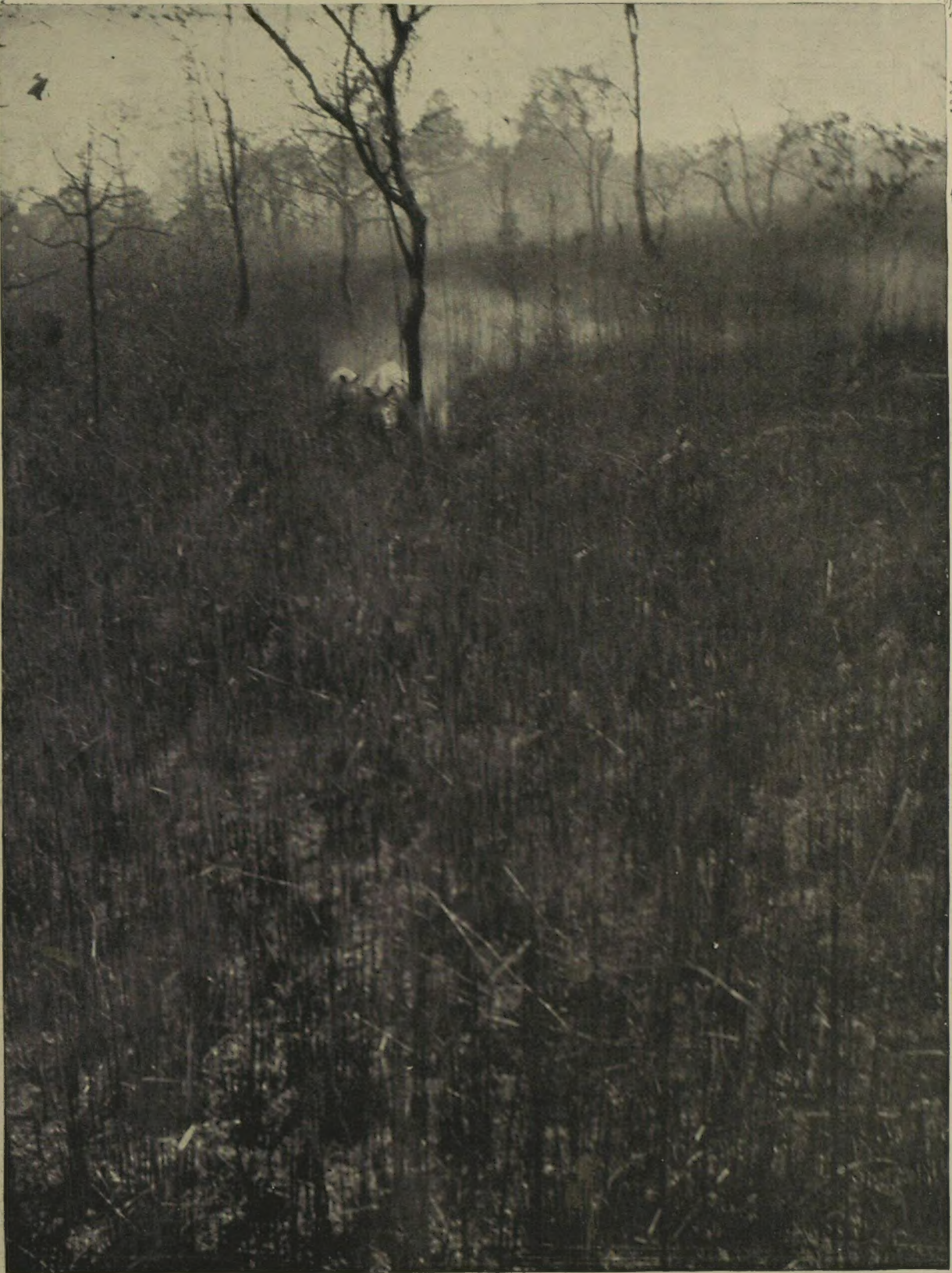
2. THE BEATERS DURING A RHINOCEROS HUNT: THE SHOOTING-ELEPHANTS ENDEAVOURING TO DRIVE THE QUARRY TOWARDS THE "GUNS."
3 A KILL: AFTER THE BAGGING OF A TIGER

gun to go on a very staunch elephant by the side of a single tracking-elephant. When the track of a big bull is found, a tracker on a small clever elephant hangs head downwards from the elephant's head close to the ground, and thus directs the tracking-elephant until the rhinoceros is overtaken. Then comes the real difficulty of delivering a fatal shot in the neck or head,—

[Continued opposite.

SPORT AKIN TO THAT ARRANGED FOR THE KING-EMPEROR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COLONEL VICTOR BROOKE.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN ELEPHANT WHICH WAS CHARGING THE CHARGING QUARRY: A RHINOCEROS, FOLLOWED BY HER CALF.
MAKING A FRANTIC RUSH TOWARDS THE "GUNS."

Continued.
—The Nepalese shikaris and coolies set the highest value on the blood of the rhinoceros, and not a drop is allowed to be wasted. With regard to the photograph shown on this page it should be said that the circumstances under which it was made were unique. It was taken through very long grass, which accounts for the somewhat blurred effect, at a range of some forty or fifty yards, as a rhinoceros was charging towards the "gun" with the

camera. The fact that the rhinoceros had a calf with her made her very savage. Colonel Brooke tried to head her back towards other guns, but she refused to be turned. He then got this snapshot, and at the same moment the elephant he was riding charged furiously to meet the charge of the rhinoceros. This photograph, and those on the other pages, were taken, not in India, but in Burma; they show, however, the type of sport practised by the King-Emperor in India.

"SQUATTING" NEAR INDIA'S NEW CAPITAL

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL

NONDESCRIPTS GATHERED TOGETHER.

ARTIST IN DELHI FOR THE DURBAR.



NIGHT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CORONATION DURBAR CITY OF TENTS:

In many a wilderness the explorer finds the ruined traces of great cities, which have played their parts in remote ages, as the capitals of ancient and forgotten civilisations. In the great cities of to-day, also, one may look back in imagination to a time when the ground whereon they stand was desolate and uninhabited, or even non-existent, for, as the poet says, "There, where the long street roars, hath been 'The stillness of the central sea.'" It is not often, however, that one can look upon a place where no habitation of man is to be seen, and know that there will rise ere long a stately and imperial city, the capital of a mighty Empire. Such a place is here shown in our drawing, made on the outskirts of Delhi. Here a group of camp-followers are seen

CAMP-FOLLOWERS AT DELHI—SEEN LITERALLY BY THE THOUSAND.

bivouacking on the spot where soon will stand buildings of the newly constituted capital of India. Here, with a Viceregal residence and Government Offices as a heart, will be a great modern town, with shops and houses, paved and lighted thoroughfares, and all the accessories of modern urban life. Those who saw the Durbar will then recall with interest the memory of this picturesque and patriarchal scene, which, at first sight, might be taken for Joseph and his brethren encamped in the desert. In sending his picture, our Artist wrote, "The subject is a group of camp-followers or other nondescripts, who may be numbered literally by thousands at Delhi at the present moment, seated round a fire, a very usual scene, as the mornings and evenings are very cold."

At the Sign of St. Paul's



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
DR. BOOKER WASHINGTON.
The well-known Negro Leader, who has written another Autobiographical Volume, called "My Larger Education."



Jane Shore, accused of assegeing Richard, Duke of Gloucester, did penance in St Paul's in a white sheet... about 1485.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
COL. R. F. MEYSEY-THOMPSON.
Whose new Book on "The Horse," dealing with every known breed, has been published by Mr. Edward Arnold.

ANDREW LANG CATCHES OUT THE HISTORIOGRAPHER OF SCOTLAND

THACKERAY liked working at History, "because," said he, "it is so gentlemanly." It

letting his wraith be seen by two of his servants in his house in St. Andrews when he himself was in Edinburgh; and of keeping

Cardinal Beaton, like Sharp, though apt to burn heretics, in his portrait looks the best

is, for—at least in my experience—it is not closely associated with the vulgarity of financial rewards; not to any great extent.

However, people who are not historians miss the true pleasure of the student, which is to find out errors in the works of his hated rivals. I think I have caught out the Historiographer of Scotland, Professor Hume Brown, in ill-treating the memory of the martyred Archbishop Sharp of St. Andrews. The Archbishop, to be sure, was something of a Judas, quite the Judas, in fact, and much of a sneak and sycophant; but then, from his portrait in the Professor's book he looked the part of a beautiful benevolent divine: he was like what one supposes that Jeremy Taylor must have been. Now, in the first edition of his History of Scotland, the learned Professor said that Sharp was accused of keeping back a letter of Charles II. to the Privy Council, desiring that none of the rebels of 1666 should be put to death—this on the authority of Bishop Burnet.

I made the criticism that Bishop Burnet attributed this deed to Archbishop Burnet, who had been in London and was said to have brought down the royal letter (so worthy of Charles II.) and kept it back till the rebels were duly hanged.

The Professor, in a lovely new tall edition (Cambridge University Press), full of interesting photographs of portraits of famous people, no longer says that the story is told by Bishop Burnet about Archbishop Burnet. He says that three Covenanting historians tell it about Archbishop Sharp. But he does not inform the public that the Bishop, who knew many things, tells it of the Archbishop, his own namesake, and makes it possible because the Archbishop brought the royal letter from London.

At this point I made, myself, a monstrous "howler," but spotted it in time and blotted it out.



THE PRINCE RIDING ON THE EAST WIND.

"The Prince clapped his hands, but the East Wind told him he had better leave off and hold tight, or he might fall and find himself hanging on to a church steeple. The eagle in the great forest flew swiftly, but the East Wind flew more swiftly still."

"STORIES FROM HANS ANDERSEN."

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS (IN COLOUR) BY EDMUND DULAC.

The original's of Mr. Dulac's illustrations to Hans Andersen, together with those of Mr. F. Cayley Robinson's illustrations to "The Blue Bird," have recently been exhibited at the Leicester Galleries. Those on this page are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

(See Review elsewhere.)

a familiar spirit, disguised as a bee, in a box, with many other crimes. Now I do not see how a man can be responsible for his wraith. In short, they told all sorts of lies about this beautiful and saintly looking old divine.

Poor Sharp! The Professor is on him again, and says that he "depended on oath" that no pledge of safety for life had been given to a godly young man who shot at him, missed, and hit the Bishop of Orkney (this success is not mentioned by the historian).

Now, as I read the Archbishop's evidence, he only swore that no promise was, in his presence, made to the scoundrel. It is not precisely the same thing!

of good, thoughtful men, while the martyred Marquess of Argyll has the air of a sour, sinister, squinting preacher. Indeed, he did (very wisely) write his own sermons, and make his chaplain preach them. Queen Mary, in her portrait, looks like Sir Thomas Overbury's chubby, innocent milk-maid, and Claverhouse "beautiful as in life"; while the great soldier David Leslie has the air of a dissolute Cavalier, not of a first-class fighting-man. Scott, in youth, with a heavy mass of his hair hiding the peak of his brow, might be any healthy, good-looking young laird. Physiognomy is clearly no safe clue to character, though Argyll and that burly red fox, the Earl of Morton, and the swaggering young Darnley are all true to our conception of them, and we have a lady's word for it that "young Walter Scott was a comely creature." I never saw Carlyle's "Cromwell" and "Frederick" illustrated with portraits, in which the Sage, though he wished "the devil to fly away with the fine arts," was much interested.

How I wish that one could get two really amusing new novels every week! One I can recommend, Mr. E. F. Benson's "Juggernaut." Here we have the most beautiful, charming, kind, young, lively heroine, Margery, with whom everyone must be in love. A reviewer calls her "emotional." And what for no? He does not add that in circumstances which would justify an elopement with an equally fine young man who is devoted to her, she not only does not dream of such a feat, but subdues her nature to that of her æsthetic, history-writing, selfish prig of a husband.

He is a prize prig, but the descriptions of Margery disturbing him over his work almost win for him the sympathy, for the moment, of the historian. Stupid, mendacious, spiteful Mrs. Morrison is also an excellent study, and the brief descriptions of nature are admirable. The samples of



THE PRINCESS WHO HAD READ ALL THE NEWSPAPERS IN THE WORLD, AND FORGOTTEN THEM.

"In this kingdom where we are now," said he, "there lives a princess who is very clever. She has read all the newspapers in the world, and forgotten them again, so clever is she."

From an Illustration in Colour by Edmund Dulac in "Stories from Hans Andersen."



THE SNOW-QUEEN AT HOME.

"[The frozen lake] was broken up on the surface into a thousand bits, but each piece was so exactly like the others that the whole formed a perfect work of art. The Snow-Queen sat in the very middle of it when she sat at home."

From an Illustration in Colour by Edmund Dulac in "Stories from Hans Andersen."

His enemies also accused Sharp of strangling an infant of his own with his napkin (apparently after dinner), and hiding it under the hearthstone; and of

the historian's prose remind one of what Mr. Jowett said to a gushing classical essayist, "Haden't you better keep that, Simpson, for a sonnet?"

HAVILAND'S SERIES OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRANK HAVILAND.



NO. XLIII. -AS BUNTY, IN "BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS," AT THE HAYMARKET: MISS KATE MOFFAT.

"Bunty Pulls the Strings," a very Scottish comedy, has proved an immense success at the Haymarket. Its period is about 1860, and it is the story of a Scottish girl very apt at managing and Little Mothering. This is Bunty, whose character was founded on the author's conception of what his mother must have been as a young girl. It is one of the most interesting points of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," which is by Mr. Graham Moffat, that when

it was produced at the Haymarket seven of the twelve characters in it were played by members of the Moffat family. Mr. Graham Moffat, the author, appeared as Tammas Biggar; his wife as Felen Dunlop; his daughter, Miss Winifred Moffat, in the small child's part; his sister, Miss Kate Moffat, as Bunty. Mr. Watson Hume Moffat and Mr. Sanderson Moffat, his brothers, played Weelum Sprunt and Dan Birrell; while Mrs. Watson Hume Moffat walked on.

CAPITAL-CHASING AS A TABLE-GAME: A TOY AEROPLANE AS RIVAL OF ROULETTE WHEEL AND BALL.

DRAWN BY C. C. WILMSHURST.



THE AERO-CIRCUIT OF THE MINIATURE FLYING MACHINE: "WHERE WILL IT STOP—LONDON, NEW YORK, ST. PETERSBURG, OR —?"

As the steeple-chase was so called from the fact that the cross-country course set for the old-time riders began at one church and ended at another, so might this new game be called the capital-chase, for the toy aeroplane, starting in a capital, flies over capital after capital until it lands in one of them. The aeroplane apparatus is set in the centre of the special board, and the stakes, in counters or coins, having been placed at the various capitals, the catch holding back the

propeller is released. Then the flying-machine runs round the track on its wheel, gradually mounts into the air, makes some thirty circuits, comes to ground again, and runs until it stops in one of the capitals. The winners, of course, are those who have guessed the capital at which the stop will be made. We illustrate the game, which is called "The Aero-Circuit," by courtesy of Messrs. Hamley, of Regent Street. It may rival roulette: certainly it is a far greater novelty.

SCIENCE

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.
THE SEA HARVEST.

THERE seems little reason at first sight to criticise Spenser's words when he speaks of the "abundant progeny" of the sea. Not so very long ago, the resources of the sea in respect of its affording a food-supply to man were unquestioned. If I mistake not, the late Professor

Huxley once expressed the opinion that such a supply was inexhaustible, and that the ordinary ways and works of nature, as represented in fish-reproduction, were amply sufficient to replenish any losses which man might inflict on the population of the deep. But the advent of the steam-trawler, and the very complete organisation which exists for scouring the sea-bed, together with enterprise which sends fishermen very far afield in the prosecution of their labours, have certainly altered matters, and quite a new science of fishing and fisheries has grown up within a relatively short period. Investigations have been undertaken with the view of determining the times and places of fish-spawning. The development of the young fishes has been studied, and the migrations of adults have been traced. Laboratory-work has co-operated with research in the sea, and questions of the depletion of fishing-grounds can to-day be argued on lines and from details such as were unknown in former years.

The study of fish-development has yielded many important results possessing a distinct bearing on the

FOR MEASURING THE POWER OF A SHIP'S ENGINE.

"These two discs are fixed upon the propeller-shaft a few feet apart. The lamp behind the further one shines through the small slit in front of it, and through a similar slit in the other disc, into the small telescope. When the engine starts to work it twists the shaft slightly, and the beam of light passing through the two slits misses the telescope altogether until the latter has been moved slightly. The amount of movement necessary is a measure of the amount of twist in the shaft, and that in turn is a measure of the power which the engine is exerting."

Reproduced from *Mechanical Inventions of To-Day*, by Thomas W. Corbin.

FOR DRAWING HEAVY LOADS THROUGH TRACKLESS COUNTRY.
A REMARKABLE TRACTOR CROSSING A DITCH.

This tractor is driven by oil-power.

Reproduced from *Mechanical Inventions of To-Day*, by Courtesy of the Makers, Messrs. Marshall, Sons and Co.

fishes, and feeding on certain low forms of crustacean life familiar enough to naturalists.

After a year's growth and life in the sea depths

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
"MECHANICAL INVENTIONS OF TO-DAY."
By Thomas W. Corbin.
By Permission of the Publishers,
Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co.
[SEE REVIEW ON ANOTHER PAGE.]

the cod averages in length about 6 inches. It is towards the fall of the year that the cod, at about two years old, ventures forth into the open sea. Sars was of opinion that the cod does not breed until it attains the age of three years. Their length at this period is

NATURAL HISTORY

about 3 feet. That which strikes the observer in the matter of fish-development in its bearing on the harvest of the sea is the extraordinary fecundity of most fishes. The herring itself is not markedly a very prolific fish, yet in sixteen specimens, ranging from 9½ to over 12 inches in length, the number of eggs varied from 21,000 to 47,000. The average is given at 31,000. In the cod the number may exceed six millions. The ling is credited with producing twenty-eight millions of eggs, and the flounder with over one million. The turbot is very prolific with nine millions of eggs, while the mackerel's average is set down at nearly 700,000 and the haddock at 800,000. These figures seem startling enough to warrant Spenser's appellation of "abundant progeny," but we must have regard to the fact that in each case only a small proportion of eggs reach maturity. The eggs and young have many enemies, conditions of temperature are variable, food-supply may be precarious. It has been remarked that fishes which, like the dog-fish, produce very few young, are as abundant as the ling or turbot, because of the different circumstances of their development and by reason of their greater hardihood and success in food-getting. Such a fish as the mackerel forms an interesting illustration of the value of studying its migrations. The Cornish coast knows it not from November to January. In May shoals appear near the coast, and remain during June and July. In August the mackerel vanishes, to reappear in September. Then they disappear and do not



GEORGES CUVIER 1769-1852



"NAVY" WORK BY MACHINERY: A MECHANICAL EXCAVATOR SCOOPING UP EARTH IN AN ENDLESS CHAIN OF BUCKETS.

"The great majority of mechanical inventions are for the purpose of saving labour. The man who has a machine to sell cannot have a better selling argument than the statement that it 'saves labour.' The mechanical 'navy' here illustrated is shown scooping up earth and depositing it in railway trucks. Each machine consists essentially of an endless chain of buckets kept in motion by an engine. Its uses are as obvious to the engineer as they are valuable."

Reproduced from *Mechanical Inventions of To-Day*, by Thomas W. Corbin.

success of the fisherman's labours. It is a curious fact that most of our food-fishes, for example, produce eggs which float in the sea. The herring is an exception, however, to this rule. Fish-eggs, while most typical of the spring season, are to be found practically at other periods of the year. Even in the case of the most familiar of our fishes a certain degree of romance may be found attaching to the time of their infancy. There is a notable illustration of this in the history of the cod itself. It was the great Norwegian zoologist Sars who first investigated the mysteries surrounding the babyhood of the fish. He collected the eggs off the Lofoten Islands, famous as a locality whence specimens of the rare trutinoids, or lily-stars, were obtained. The eggs developed in numbers most typically in March. In some two months' time swarms of young cod were found, the average length being about one-third of an inch. At the end of June the millions of young fishes had apparently vanished, but in July Sars, it is related, discovered the cod-fry actually nursed by jelly-



AN INGENIOUS DEVICE FOR TIPPING TRUCKS: A REMARKABLE CONTRIVANCE WHICH WORKS ITSELF, WITHOUT ATTENTION.

"'Tippler,' in engineer's language . . . means a construction for tipping trucks. . . . This shows a pair of tipplers. . . . The further one has a full truck inside it; the nearer one has just emptied a truck, which is receding. . . . The trigger-like arrangement in the foreground lets the trucks run down to the tippler one at a time. Each full truck pushes out an empty one; the empty one sets the tippler turning, and the turning sets another full truck free."

Reproduced from *Mechanical Inventions of To-Day*, by Courtesy of the Makers, Edgar Allan and Co.



COOLING IT SO THAT IT MAY BE USED AGAIN AND AGAIN: SPRAYING HEATED WATER INTO THE AIR.

"At many large power stations there is a difficulty in procuring a supply of cold water to cool the condensers and so condense the steam. One of the most effective ways of overcoming this is to spray the heated water into the air, thereby cooling it so that it can be used over and over again."

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Makers of the device, Messrs. Korting Bros. A photograph illustrating the same invention appears in *Mechanical Inventions of To-Day*.

again visit the Cornish coast till the succeeding May. Here we have migration determined by the temperature and by the spawning and feeding habits of the fish. They spawn in spring, and then go to sea, while their summer and autumn appearance is due to their following up the shoals of young fishes that are found in-shore. In winter the mackerel seeks the warmer temperature of the Atlantic Ocean. If we desired to exemplify a veritable romance of zoology in the tracing-out of fish-development, such a recital would be found in the history of the eel. Certain clear-bodied, ribbon-shaped fishes were long known as "leptocephali." It was Grassi, a Sicilian observer, who showed these fishes were really the young of the eels. They first become "glass eels," and these again, as "elvers," pass up rivers in multitudes in the summer. The eels travel overland, retaining a supply of moisture for the gills in certain special cavities. When they descend to spawn in the sea they die. It is notable that adult eels have never been seen to return to the rivers after their period of fresh-water life.

ANDREW WILSON.

UNDER THE SCARLET AND GOLD UMBRELLA OF STATE: THE ENTRY OF THE KING-EMPEROR AND QUEEN-EMPRESS INTO DELHI.



ON THEIR WAY TO RECEIVE THE PRINCES AND CHIEFS OF INDIA: THE KING-EMPEROR AND THE QUEEN-EMPRESS WALKING FROM THE SALIMGARH BASTION INTO THE FORT.

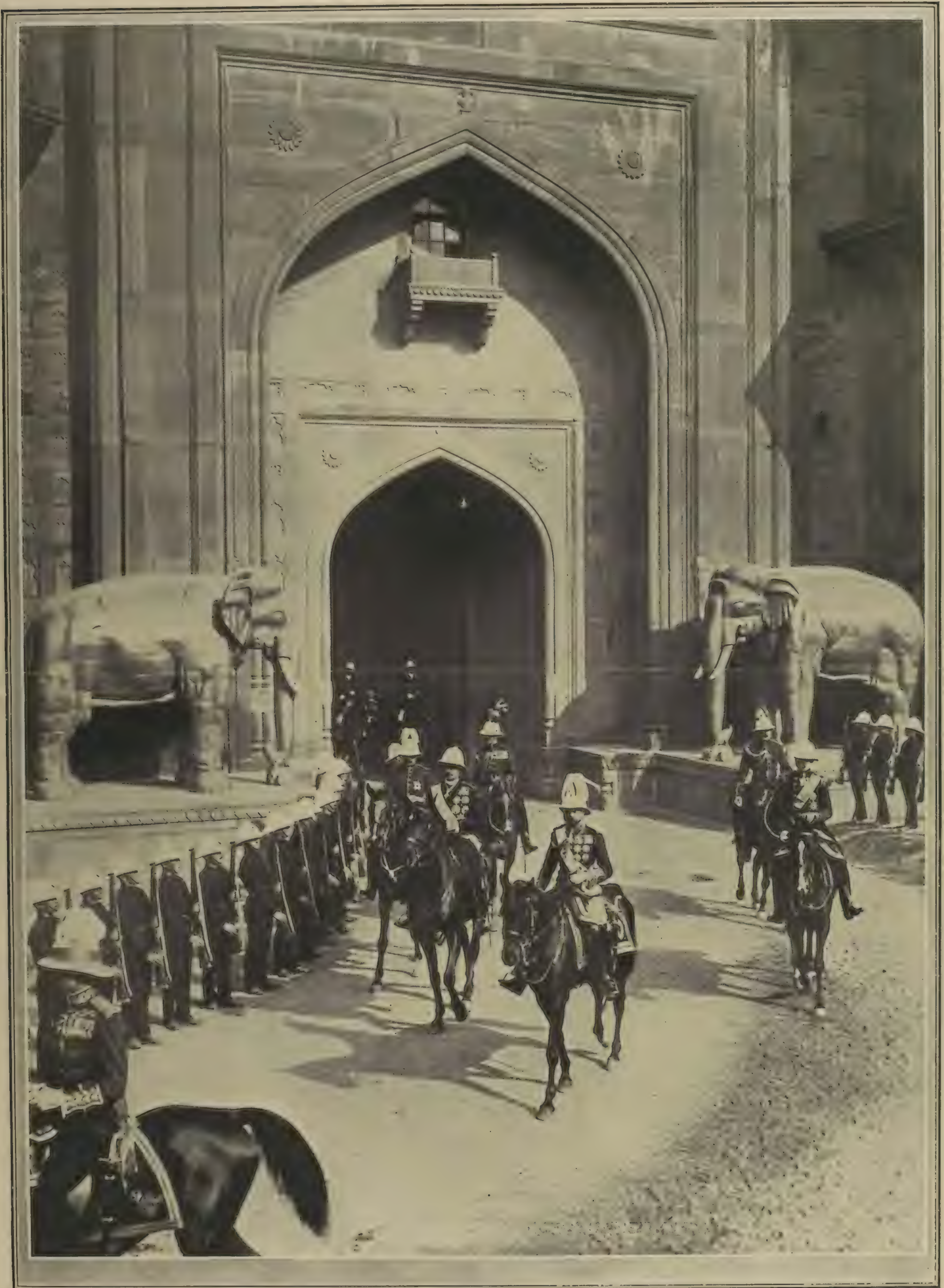
The King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress alighted from their train at the Salimgarh Bastion, where they were received by Lord Hardinge, the Viceroy, and the great Indian officials, and walked in procession into the Fort. There, in a special reception tent, the Princes and Chiefs of India were presented to them. During the ceremony, there stood behind them, as they sat in their golden chairs on a dais, six retired officers of the Native Army bearing the traditional

Oriental emblems of Imperial power. Two carried "morchals"—large round bunches of peacocks' feathers arranged symmetrically and cased in gold; two carried "chowris"—white yak-tails with gold handles—used of old to point out to the crowd the person of the ruler. Another carried the Imperial Umbrella of scarlet and gold. The sixth carried the golden sun-emblem, the long-staffed Suruj Mukhi, for use on an elephant when the umbrella is insufficient to keep off the sun.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNEST BROOKS.

IN THE PATH OF THE GREAT MOGULS: IMPERIAL MAJESTY IN DELHI.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL NEWS



RIDING THROUGH THE EXIT OPENED OF OLD ONLY WHEN THE EMPEROR WENT ON FRIDAYS TO PRAY IN THE JAMA MASJID: THE KING-EMPEROR PASSING THROUGH THE DELHI GATE ON HIS STATE ENTRY.

On the occasion of his State Entry into Delhi on December 7, the King-Emperor, making his progress from the Salimgarh Bastion to his Camp, did not take the direct route and leave the Fort by the Lahore Gate. Ancient precedent determined that he should use the Delhi Gate, for when the Great Moguls ruled in India that gate was opened only when the Emperor of Delhi went forth on Fridays to pray in the Jama Masjid. "One wonders," says the *Times*, "whether, as he rode beneath the archway before

the final battlements, his Majesty heard whispered exclamations, the rustle of silken draperies, and the tinkling clash of anklets; for just above him, concealed behind delicate lattice-work, the noblest ladies of Hindustan had gathered to see the pageant. . . . Beyond the inner archway the King-Emperor passed between the great stone elephants, reproductions of trophies won in war, which originally commemorated the defence of Chitorgarh against Akbar."

NEARING A HISTORIC GARDEN OF PARADISE: THE IMPERIAL PROGRESS.

THE STATE ENTRY OF THE KING-EMPEROR INTO DELHI.



ON ITS WAY TOWARDS THE JAMA MASJID: THE PROCESSION OF THE KING-EMPEROR AND THE QUEEN-EMPRESS
APPROACHING THE GREAT CATHEDRAL-MOSQUE OF INDIA.

Over the archway of the outer gate of the Jama Masjid, the great Cathedral-Mosque of India, written in letters of gold, were the words: "Long live our gracious Emperor and Empress! Loyal greetings of the Mahomedan community of India." Concerning the mosque, we may quote Mr. G. W. Forrest's "Cities of India": Shah Jehan transferred the seat of government to Delhi. He was a contemporary of our first Charles, and . . . governed his vast

dominion . . . with ability, humanity, and justice . . . In the centre of Delhi, and on the highest eminence, he had built the Jama Masjid . . . Five thousand workmen were daily employed on it for six years . . . From all parts of the square men hastened to the mosque, and, as the old teacher bade me farewell, I quoted to him the words of the Prophet, "Masjids are the Gardens of Paradise, and the praises of God the fruit thereof."

PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL NEWS

END-OF-THE-WORLD ISLAND?—LAND RISEN FROM THE SEA, NEAR TRINIDAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILSON.



1. BORN UNDER CONDITIONS WHICH MADE THE NATIVES BELIEVE THAT THE END OF THE WORLD HAD COME: THE NEW ISLAND OFF THE SOUTHERN COAST OF TRINIDAD, WHICH CAME INTO BEING IN NOVEMBER.

2. LAND WHICH ROSE FROM THE SEA NEAR THE SERPENT'S MOUTH. AMIDST FIRE AND SMOKE AND QUAKINGS: THE NEW ISLAND.

The recent upheaval of a small island off the southern coast of Trinidad caused intense excitement amongst the natives, who believed that the end of the world had come. This can scarcely be deemed a matter for wonder when it is recalled that the birth of the island was heralded by clouds of smoke and fire, hundreds of feet high, which came from the open sea, and could be seen for a distance of at least forty miles. The first sign of anything unusual occurred on the 4th of November, when a fisherman observed a small cone of strange land

3. THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE: TRINIDAD'S NEW ISLAND, CEDED BY NATURE.

jutting from the sea, with water bubbling about it. In the evening came a loud report, smoke, and fire which gradually subsided. Exploration proved that the island, then some two-and-a-half acres in extent, was in the Bay of Erin, two miles from Chatham, where, it is said, Columbus landed when he discovered Trinidad, and twelve miles from "the Serpent's Mouth," the southern entrance to the Gulf of Paria. Its highest point was about fifteen feet above the level of the sea.

LITERATURE

"With Napoleon at Waterloo."

If there be one thing more than another about which Britons never tire of reading, it is our final conflict with the Satanic Corsican on the plains of Belgium, and they welcome eagerly anything that professes to throw fresh light on this subject of perennial interest to us all.

But "With Napoleon at Waterloo, and Other Unpublished Documents" (Francis Griffiths), edited by Mr. MacKenzie MacBride, is somewhat of a misnomer, seeing that a better, because a truer, title would have been "With Wellington at Waterloo," and also with Abercrombie in Egypt. Only half-a-dozen of these 250 large octavo pages are devoted specially to Napoleon, and they cannot be said to add materially to our knowledge of the Corsican's character or of his deportment on the fateful 18th of June. We are now offered, for the first time, a translation of a diary by Jardin Aîné, Napoleon's equerry at Waterloo, and then the brief journal of the Emperor's nameless aide-de-camp on the day of the battle, whose narrative is not at all convincing—the less so as, according to the editor, it attempts "to belittle Bonaparte by suggesting that he showed cowardice during the last few hours at Waterloo." As for Jardin Aîné and his journal, which bears internal evidence of having been written after, and perhaps long after, the event, he remarks: "It was at the moment that the Duke of Wellington sent to summon the Guard to surrender"—which the Duke himself never did.

Photo, W. H. Cox.
Mr. CHARLES H. ASHDOWN,
Author of "British Castles," Published by Messrs. A. and C. Black.

subsequently learned, from reading the narratives of others. Very interesting, in particular, is Sergeant

Photo, I. de Cornwall Smith.
Mr. JOHN SAVILE-JUDD,
Author of "Love and Laughter," Published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

to the charge. When the three Highland regiments saw the resistance offered by this column, they rushed upon it like a legion of demons. Such was our excited and infuriated state of mind at the time, and being flushed with the thought of victory, we speedily put an end to their resistance." The interest of the volume is much enhanced by its contemporary portraits and illustrations.

The Evil Genius of Napoleon.

A very welcome and highly attractive contribution, for the English reading public, to the literature that centres in the fascinating personality of Napoleon is Miss Violette Montagu's translation of Joseph Turquand's interesting book on the Empress Josephine in the days before the establishment of Napoleon's Empire: "The Wife of General Bonaparte" (John Lane). It throws a strong light on an important question of history, one that has often been asked without receiving a satisfactory answer—the extent of the influence that Josephine, as a wife, really had on Napoleon. The author's very clearly and authoritatively, and yet delicately, put account of Josephine's persistent intrigues and misconduct as a wife while Napoleon was away on campaign, first in Italy and later in Egypt, should settle the disputed point once for all. This is what it comes to in the pages of the book, affording surely a complete answer to the historic question of



DRAWN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BATTLE BY A BRITISH OFFICER WHO FOUGHT IN IT: THE BRUNSWICKERS AT WATERLOO.

"A column of Brunswick Hussars, with the Duke of Brunswick at their head, made a charge... In this, however, they were unsuccessful, and were driven back with considerable loss, the Duke being among the slain. The column of French cavalry that drove back the Brunswickers retired a little, then reformed."

From a Drawing by Captain George Jones, R.A., in "With Napoleon at Waterloo."

Robertson, who marched with Moore to Burgos, and gives us a very vivid account of the horrors of the

fact, as set forth in the pages of the book, affording surely a complete answer to the historic question of



DRAWN AFTER THE BATTLE BY AN OFFICER WHO FOUGHT IN IT: FRENCH CAVALRY AT WATERLOO RIDING UP TO THE MOUTH OF BRITISH GUNS.

From drawings by Captain George Jones, R.A. (made immediately after the battle), reproduced from "With Napoleon at Waterloo," by the late Edward Bruce Low and Mackenzie MacBride—by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Francis Griffiths.

"General Kembraune" (by which is evidently meant Cambronne) "replied that the Guard knew how to fight, to die, but not to surrender"—which he certainly never did either, but set the example to his square of surrendering to General Halkett in person, and afterwards marrying an English wife. Moreover, according to Jardin Aîné, there was another egregious joker, an officer of the mounted Chasseurs à Cheval of the Guard, who rode up to Napoleon at 6 o'clock p.m.—what time the Prussians were beginning to hammer heavily on the French right—"raised his hand to his shako, and said, 'Sire, I have the honour to announce to your Majesty that the battle is won!'" No; the real interest of this volume is not in these rather doubtful documents, but in the hitherto "unpublished diary" of Sergeant Daniel Nicol and the "forgotten journal" of Sergeant D. Robertson—both of the 92nd (Gordon Highlanders). What the history of these two diaries is, and how they came into his possession, the editor does not explain; but there can be no doubt about their being "human documents" in a certain sense of the term, albeit they also bear internal evidence of having been written—perhaps, too, with some literary assistance—after the event, when the writers had it in their power to interweave what they had seen with their own eyes with what they

famous retreat to Corunna. Equally graphic is his narrative of how the "Greys" and "Gordons" comported

which mention has been made. Had Napoleon married, instead, a good woman, "we may be allowed to think that the sharp corners of his somewhat wild Corsican nature would have been smoothed by daily contact with an upright, faithful, and affectionate soul; such a woman would have taken the keenest interest in her husband's gigantic labours and his ultimate success; her prudent advice would have held his ambition in check, and would have prevented him indulging in selfish plans for his own welfare in the future. Had he found happiness, peace, and love at his own fireside, he never would have sought to forget his conjugal misfortunes in bloody warfare—he never would have been obliged to look for something to blot out the vision of the happy home which he had never known." Josephine, moreover, according to the author, was lacking not only in moral but also in intellectual qualities. "Her intelligence," we read, "was below the average; her education had been terribly neglected. . . . Too lazy to make the slightest effort, the indolence natural to all Creole women prevented her trying to acquire the rudiments of education. . . . It was not in her nature to be serious-minded; and that very lack of education prevented her realising that she was frivolous." Thus, it is argued, in opposition to some accounts of Josephine, that she was, in reality, the evil genius of Napoleon.



DRAWN BY AN OFFICER AFTER WATERLOO: WELLINGTON ORDERING THE GUARDS TO CHARGE.

From a Drawing by Captain George Jones, R.A., in "With Napoleon at Waterloo."

themselves at Waterloo. "One French division at the farmhouse of La Belle Alliance made an attempt to stand" (when the final *débâcle* had begun), "and came

GRIM EVIDENCE OF ABOR TREACHERY: A CAUSE OF THE EXPEDITION AND SCENES OF THE BRITISH MARCH.



1. WHERE FOUR OF MR. NOEL WILLIAMSON'S PARTY WERE KILLED: THE BONES OF THE UNFORTUNATE MEN WHITENING NEAR RENGONG.
2. AS SEEN FROM THE 104-FOOT HIGH CROW'S NEST IN ITS CENTRE: THE BRITISH STOCKADE CAMP AT KORO.

The officer who supplied the sketch for this drawing writes: "The party camped under big trees with buttress-shaped roots in the jungle. They evidently cooked their food here (for the black patch of the fire was visible in the foreground) and were surprised in their sleep. Two bodies were found near the fire, and the other two close by. A lot of Mr. Williamson's property, books, sketching-table, fishing-rod, rifle-case, etc., was thrown away in the jungle

3. A GREAT LOSS TO THE EXPEDITION: THE LATE CAPTAIN A. M. HUTCHINS, NICKNAMED "BUBBLE"; ONE OF THE TWO SEVEN-POUNDER MUZZLE-LOADERS OF THE EXPEDITION.
5. NEWS BY HELIOGRAPH: L.M.P. SIGNALLERS IN COMMUNICATION WITH AN OUTPOST within a few yards after having been cut up." It will be remembered that the present punitive expedition against the Abors is a result of the murder of Mr. Noel Williamson and Dr. Gregorson at the end of March last. Captain A. M. Hutchins, 3rd Q.A.O. (Queen Alexandra's Own) Gurkha Rifles and Assistant Commandant L.M.P., died on December 3 of pneumonia contracted at the front, above Misheng, between eight and ten miles south of Rotung

ON THE ROAD TO THE ENEMY'S STRONGHOLD: CARRIERS OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITION AGAINST THE ABORS.



A REST DURING THE MARCH ON KEBANG: NAGAS OF THE TRANSPORT SERVICE ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT JANAKMUKH.

As we had occasion to note in our Issue of November 25 last, when dealing with other photographs of the Abor Expedition, some 3000 carriers were recruited for the British force from the tribes, generically known as Nagas, who live on the hills on the

left, or south, bank of the Brahmaputra. Part of the Naga Hills is still under British control: in other parts the Nagas remain head-hunters; and head-hunting goes on within ten miles of many tea-gardens in Assam.—

[Continued below.]



CROSSING A MOUNTAIN STREAM IN THE DENSE JUNGLE: NAGAS OF THE BRITISH PUNITIVE FORCE NEAR JANAKMUKH, IN THE ABOR COUNTRY.

Continued.

—The Nagas are remarkable clearers of jungle, and can cut a road one mile long by twelve feet wide through thick jungle in two hours. They receive one shilling a day for their work with the Expedition. All those shown on this page and on the preceding page

are armed with spears and dhaos, and carry their loads in conical baskets, which rest on the back and are slung by means of a band round the forehead. The Expedition passed through Janakmukh, on the Dihong River, on the way to Kebang, the stronghold of the Abors.

RIDING THROUGH THE FIELD OF BATTLE: THE HEAD OF THE TURKISH FORCES IN TRIPOLI.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH, MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, THE ONLY WAR ARTIST WITH THE TURKISH FORCES



ACCOMPANIED BY HIS STAFF AND BY ARAB SHEIKHS: COMMANDANT MOUSSA MEHEMET.

As we have had occasion to note before in "The Illustrated London News," Moussa Mehemet, commander of the Turkish forces in Tripoli, is an Arab who was educated in the college at Constantinople. He exercises iron sway over a district of 150 kilometres, or about ninety-four English miles. There are a number of highly trained Arab officers under his command.



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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Dec. 30, 1911. - 1123



S. UNGAR,
VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

The FIRST-CLASS FURRIER,
BY APPOINTMENT
Purveyor to various Imperial and Royal

Photo, Charles Seitz, jun., Vienna VII.

LADIES' PAGE.

ANOTHER member of the Austrian royal family has determined to follow the very dangerous advice of Emerson, quoted in Miss Irene Miller's striking new novel, "Sekhet" (and followed by her heroine with dramatic but unhappy results), to "Give all for Love—nothing refuse: Friends, kindred, days, Estate, good fame, Plans, credit, and the Muse!" When Évarne Stornway, the heroine of "Sekhet," found very similar advice given also by her favourite teacher, Socrates, who declared that "love mingled with mortal prudence" was not real love, but mere "illiberality, which is praised by the multitude as virtue," but deprives the soul of its life: it perhaps naturally resulted that a lonely and unguarded girl, unfortunately for herself, impulsively followed the perilous counsel. But what induces so many members of the proud and exclusive Austrian royal house one after another to obey these sentimental theories and to give up everything for love is not clear: it certainly cannot be the successful result of previous examples in their own circle of a similar abandonment to sentiment. The Archduke Henry Ferdinand of Austria, who has now retired from the army and the Court to study art in Munich, and incidentally to become engaged to a girl of great beauty but no rank, is the brother of a Prince and Princess who have both done much the same with conspicuous ill-success.

His brother, the Archduke Leopold, married a peasant girl, and lived "the simple life" with her, but the experiment ended ere long in misery followed by a divorce. The sister of these two Princes is the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, who would now be Queen of that country but that she left her husband, and compelled him to divorce her; some time after which she married an Italian singer, with whom she is now "at daggers drawn," fighting for the custody of her child by this marriage. Yet the younger brother is not deterred by the misfortunes of others. Well might the old Greeks consider love a mere madness! Lord Beaconsfield, a keen observer of humanity, declared that all the men he knew who had married for love ended in ill-using their wives. The fact is that the violent, unreasoning, reckless emotion known as love between men and women is just the bait on the hook—the lure to the trap—the song of the siren upon the cruel, destructive rocks!

The Emperor of Austria's own granddaughter married below her station, but she married into a noble family, and did so with her imperial grandfather's consent. She lost by the action, however, all possibility of ever succeeding to his throne, which it was before thought he desired to secure for her, and which he might possibly have been able to secure for his dead son's only child, for Austria-Hungary has had an illustrious woman Sovereign. The Emperor has erected one of the most magnificent monuments in the world to his predecessor and ancestress, Empress-Queen in her own right of those realms, Maria Theresa, who was admittedly one of the greatest of her



THE FASHIONABLE FICHU.

An evening dress in white *Ninon-de-noie*, with silver embroideries, and lace arranged to give a fichu effect.

line of monarchs; and it was said that this reminder was preparatory to the suggestion that the Salic Law, comparatively recently adopted in Austria, forbidding a woman to inherit that throne, should be again changed; but his granddaughter's marriage for love ended all that. His Majesty's male heir, too—Archduke Francis Ferdinand—has married a lady not of royal rank, to whom he is devoted; but then, by this marriage, the future Emperor is the father of well-beloved and handsome sons, who will be excluded from the succession to his throne because their mother is not royal. Nor are these all the instances; and it is curious, even as if fated, that so many of that particularly proud royal house should indeed follow the fatal advice to "give all for love!"

One interesting feature in the Indian celebrations is the conferring of certain of the Indian orders of knighthood on native and English ladies. The Order of the Star of India, the Indian Empire, and the Crown of India, and also the Kaiser-i-Hind medal and the Royal Victorian Order are the only ones connected with our Court to which women are eligible. To these, perhaps, should be added the "Order of Merit," of which Miss Nightingale was one of the first recipients. The Emperor of Austria has an order for women, which he founded in honour of his late beautiful wife, "the Elizabeth Order." By the way, there is a curious story in the Memoirs of the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony about the late Empress. She had extraordinarily magnificent hair, and it is stated that a maid was kept on purpose to tend it. She had to brush it for a very long time twice a day, the Empress sitting in a chair placed on a large sheet. When the coiffure was finished, the maid had to collect and count the hairs in the brush and comb and upon the sheet, and if the number was unduly large, she had a *mauvais quart-d'heure*.

Here is the season of sales again, and an enticing catalogue from Liberty's to remind one of the fact that the noted Regent Street house begins a sale on Jan. 1. Who does not know the exclusive charm of the Liberty products and merchandise? In the various departments there is so great a reduction in prices as to make the opportunity a very favourable one for replenishing one's stores or furnishings. Dress materials, furs, shawls and scarves, gold, silver, and jewel work, carpets, furnishing fabrics, and pieces of furniture, all figure in the sale catalogue at reduced prices. There are pretty day frocks for ladies, with hand-embroidery on them, for three and half guineas, which were six and a half; blouses at 5s. 6d. which were 10s. 6d.; and tea-gowns reduced from twelve pounds to five guineas. There are thousands of yards of good cretonne for curtains and loose covers at 6d., half the previous price; and there are exquisite Persian and other rugs and carpets in like manner reduced to half-price or little more. A great charm at Liberty's sales, however, is the multitude of pretty things too small and varied to be catalogued, but set out on tables to be viewed. FILOMENA.

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The Royal Commission

in their final report on Tuberculosis, recently issued, clearly showed that the chief danger to child life resulted from the use of infected cows' milk. To quote one extract: "The Evidence we have accumulated goes to demonstrate that a considerable amount of the tuberculosis of childhood is to be ascribed to infection transmitted to children in meals consisting largely of the milk of the cow."

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Portrait Specially drawn for the Orchestrelle Co., by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

Hans Richter endorses the Pianola.

It was difficult to believe that it was not an artiste performing, for the difference between its playing and that of other such playing devices is so great as to be startling.

HANS RICHTER.

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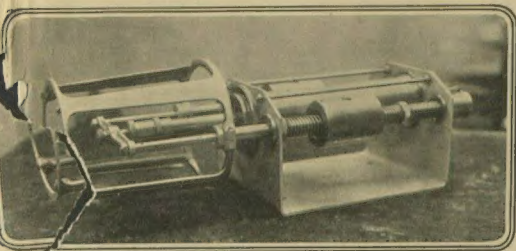
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BREAKFAST
COCOA

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

MOTORISTS generally, and the owners of old-fashioned cars in particular, have suffered so long under the eccentricities of the Finance (1909-10) Act of 1910 that they will learn with pleasure of the appointment by the Government of a Committee of Inquiry, whose work is to endeavour to arrive at the



Photo, Topical.
EXHIBITED AT THE AVIATION SALON IN PARIS:
THE DOUTRE AERONAUTIC STABILISATOR.

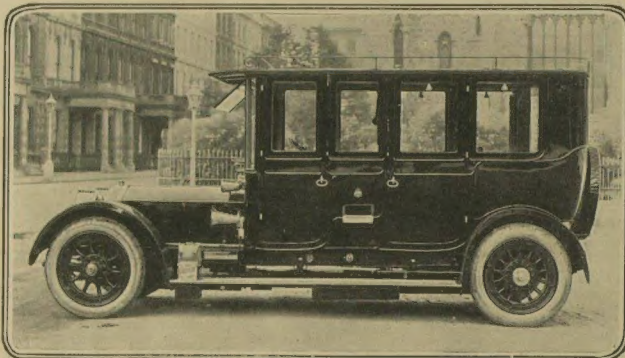
The third International Aeronautical Exhibition was recently opened in Paris, at the Grand Palais.

best and fairest means of determining the horse-power of internal combustion engines employed for road-traction. The Committee are also to take cognisance of steam and electrically driven cars. No exception can be taken to the constitution of the Committee as a whole; the views of the practical motorist are certain to be well represented by Mr. Worby Beaumont, Mr. W. Joynton-Hicks, M.P., and Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman, though the industry might have been more directly represented. As foreshadowed, the work of this Committee appears to be somewhat constricted; one would like to hear that the terms of reference would permit them to inquire into and take evidence upon other anomalies than the mere horse-power calculation.

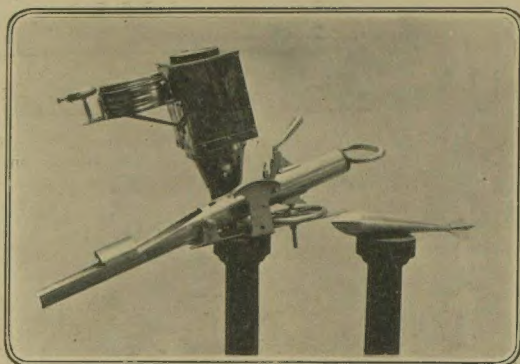
By the recent performances of a 15.6-h.p. Vauxhall car at Brooklands in a successful attempt upon the existing 16-h.p. rating Brooklands records, it is evident that we are far from finality in the design and construction of these wonderful small engines. For though the stroke is something much beyond the normal, it is impossible in the face of the bore not to regard the engine otherwise. Let anyone consider the superficies or area of a circle just $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, and the size of this engine can be realised. The car was driven

outright for the ten-lap record, and while covering that distance the flying half-mile was covered at a speed of 97.67 miles per hour, the kilometre at 96.67 miles per hour, the mile at 94.91 miles per hour, and the full ten laps at 91.46 miles per hour. The previous bests were held by a Singer car, the fastest speed achieved thereby being 90.04 miles per hour. It is, however, only fair to point out that while the Vauxhall stroke was 8 inches (203 mm.), that of the Singer was only $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches (130 mm.)

It is said, and, I believe, with truth, that photography cannot lie; and this being so, and as seeing is believing, that highly enterprising person, Bibendum, has taken steps to bring before his readers some of the singular and highly instructive objects occasionally received from the customers of Messrs. Michelin and Co. who have not been at pains to absorb all or much of what Bibendum has long been at such trouble to instil into their minds. I am moved to this reflection by the receipt of a neatly produced pamphlet, the first series of "Michelin Instruction Plates," which are reproductions from actual photographs of the results of horrible deeds wreaked on inner tubes and outer covers by carelessness and ignorance. The illustrations, with their commentary matter, are legally defined as "Exhibits," running from



Photo, Campbell-Gray.
AN "OLYMPIC" OF THE ROAD FOR A FAMOUS SHIPBUILDER: A DOUBLE LIMOUSINE DE LUXE, WITH MORGAN BODY, BUILT FOR LORD PIRRIE.
This handsome car, with a body built by Messrs. Morgan and Co., of London, is only the second of its type. It was built for Lord Pirrie, chairman of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, the famous Belfast shipbuilders, from whose yard have come the "Olympic" and many other great liners.



Photo, Underwood and Underwood.
EXHIBITED AT THE AVIATION SALON IN PARIS: THE TORPEDO OF THE COHAUDA AEROPLANE, WITH A SPECIAL SPEED-GAUGE.
Military devices are a great feature of the Aviation Salon in Paris. The Cohauda aeroplane is fitted with a torpedo and a special "viscous" for measuring the speed of the machine in relation to the earth.

A to S, and portray the ruin effected by the careless fitting of a tube, the locking of the wheels when braking, the effect of carrying tubes in the cardboard boxes in which they are dispatched in lieu of the special waterproof bags, also loose amongst the tools, unskilful repairs, and so on. This pamphlet is commended to the perusal of every chauffeur.

It is more than clear that the Royal Automobile Club cannot please everyone. Some time since, when, with H.S.H. the late lamented Prince Francis of Teck as a mouth-piece, the Club issued an invective manifesto against inconsiderate driving, there were not lacking many who suggested that the remedy was already in the hands of the Club in the shape of prosecution. Because steps were not immediately taken to bring offenders to justice the Club was twitted with weakness, and a desire to mollify the public as far as possible with ineffective condemnation. Nor are these reproaches of very long standing. Now that the Club, with an associated body, proposes to act in the manner urged before, the boot is directly upon the other leg, and the Club is accused of parading their proposed action before the public and the authorities as a virtue. After all, unpleasant to take as this action may be, it is the less of two evils, and will, if carried out with sincerity, preclude numerous applications for ten-mile limits when no such limits are required if only considerate driving obtains.

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Tyre Manual for 1912, post free on application.
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